Laugh with Laurel and Hardy on page seventeen.

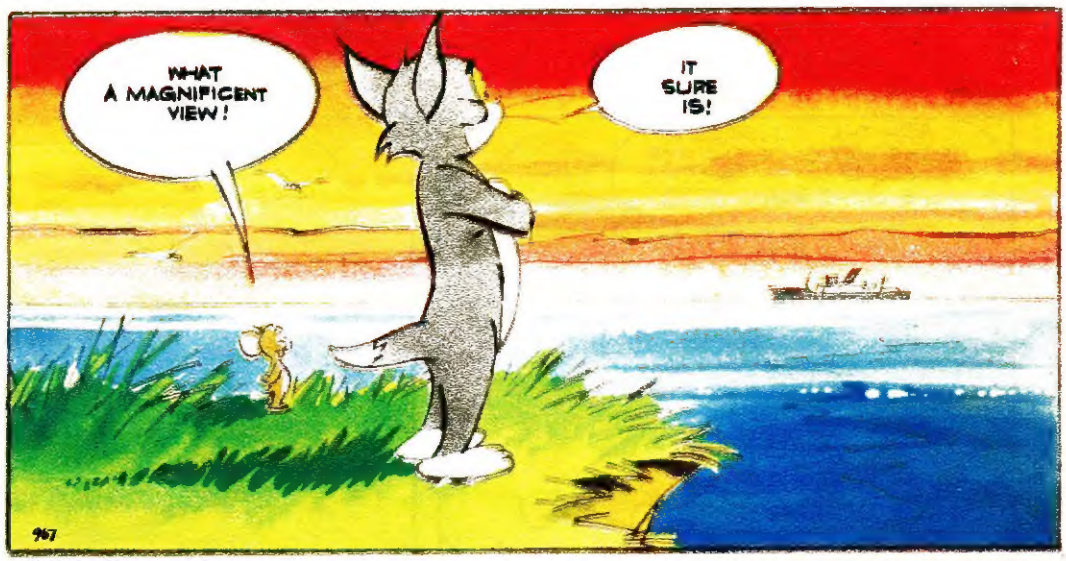
TV COMIC

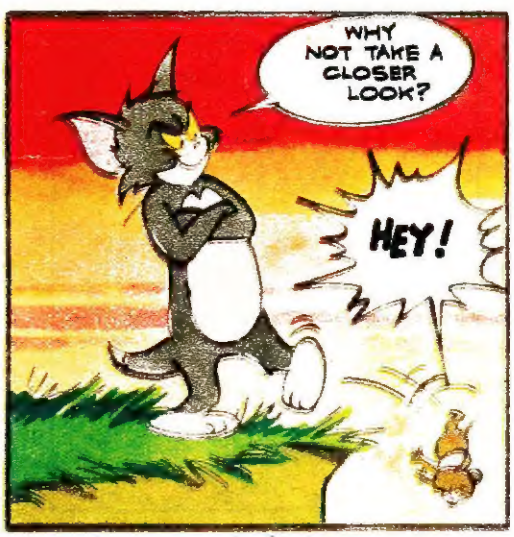
8d

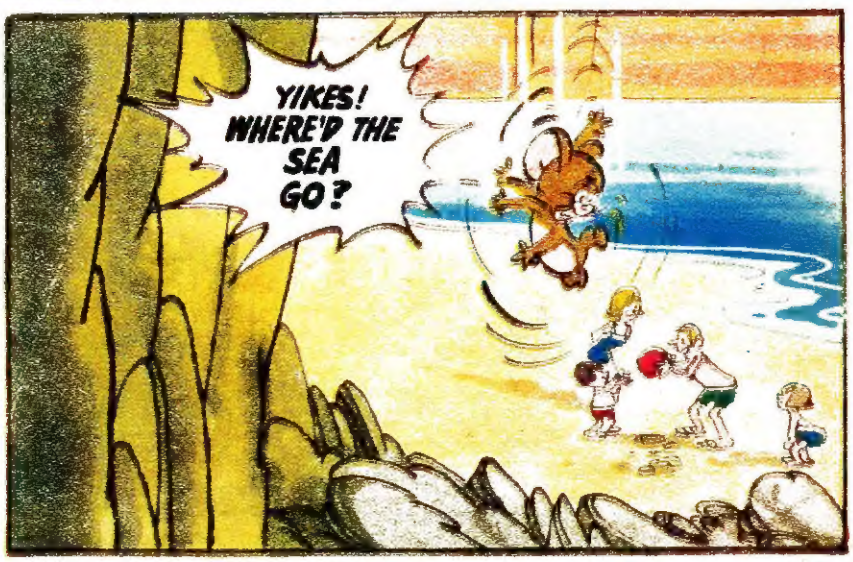
A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

Every Monday | Week Ending 27th June, 1970 | Number 967

TOM and JERRY







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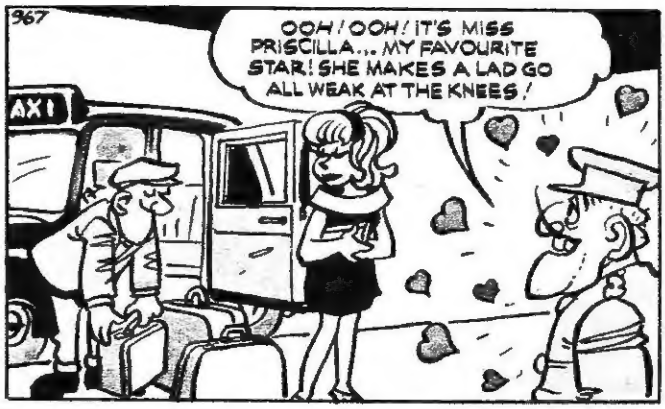
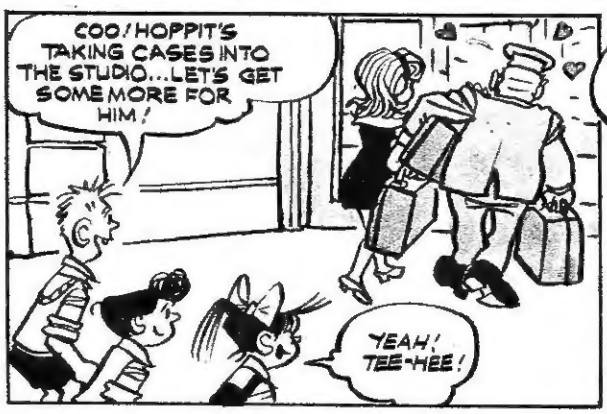
See more sea-side on page 2.

SPLOSH
PHEW! WHAT A PIECE OF LUCK LANDING IN A KID'S BUCKET OF WATER!
WHEN TOM ARRIVES ON THE SCENE...
HMMM! NO SIGN OF THAT RODENT... LONG MAY HE REST IN PIECES! HUR! HUR! HUR!
WITH THAT MOUSE OUT OF THE WAY ONCE AND FOR ALL, I CAN ENJOY A PEACEFUL LIE IN THE SUN!
THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS! HERE'S MY CHANCE FOR REVENGE!
JUST PULL THE AIR-HOLE-PLUG FROM THE AIR-BED!
EEYAARGH! I'M AIRBORNE!
HELP! KEEP YOUR HEADS DOWN... BEWARE OF LOW FLYING AIR BEDS!
OH, NO! I'M GOING TO CRASH-LAND...
... RIGHT ON BUTCH'S SAND CASTLE!
EH?
GRAND SAND CASTLE COMPETITION £10 PRIZE
CRUNCH
MY CASTLE WAS A CERT FOR FIRST PRIZE! TAKE THAT, YOU CRUMMY CAT!
GETTING MY OWN BACK ON TOM WAS AS EASY AS PIE! TE! HE! HE!
THWOK!

Tom and Jerry are in TV COMIC HOLIDAY SPECIAL.

TV Terrors





THAT WAS MISS PRISCILLA SHRIEKING....IF SOMEONE'S LEFT A MOUSE IN HER ROOM I'LL PERSONALLY PULVERISE IT!
I'M COMING, MISS PRISCILLA!

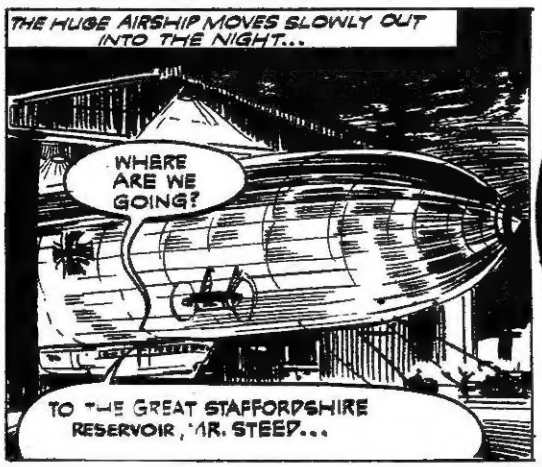
SSH! NOT A WORD N-NOW! IF PRISCILLA KNOWS I'M IN HERE, I'M D-DOOMED!
GASP!
PUFF!
DON'T WORRY, HOPPIT, WE WON'T GIVE YOU AWAY... BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO LET US INTO THE STUDIO EVERY DAY FOR A WEEK!

Hoppit finds a ' Terror-fying ' octopus next week.

THE AVENGERS

TRYING to find out what happened to a British Secret Service agent, Steed and Tara King visit a disused naval dockyard, where they are captured by men dressed in uniforms of the old Imperial German Army. Steed and Tara are taken before the leader, who calls himself the "Kaiser of Crime," and possesses a huge Zeppelin such as was used in the First World War.

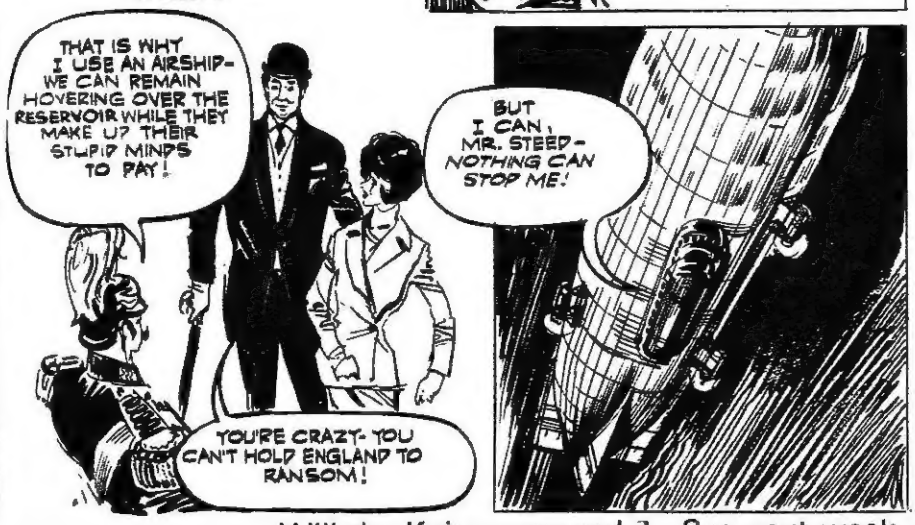
AND NOW I AM DELIGHTED THAT YOU, THE FAMOUS AVENGERS, SHALL WITNESS MY HOUR OF TRIUMPH.
ALL PERSONNEL ARE ABOARD, YOUR HIGHNESS - AND MAIN ENGINES ARE STARTED.



AND IT CLIMBS INTO DARK SKY...
ONCE IN POSITION OVER THE RESERVOIR I WILL WARN THE GOVERNMENT I INTEND TO DROP A GERM-BOMB AND POISON THE WATER, THAT SUPPLIES MUCH OF CENTRAL ENGLAND, UNLESS THEY AGREE TO MY TERMS!

THEY'LL SEND FIGHTERS TO SHOOT YOU DOWN!
IN WHICH CASE, THE BOMB WILL STILL FALL INTO THE WATER - NO, MY DEAR, THEY WILL NOT RISK THAT.

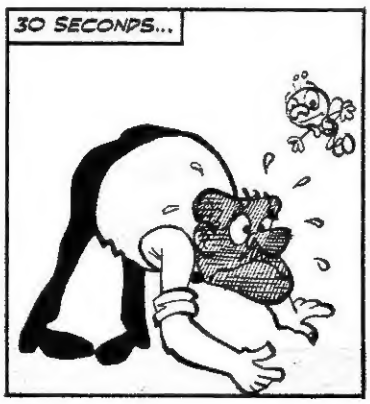
NATURALLY, IT WILL TAKE THEM SOME TIME TO DECIDE THERE IS NO ALTERNATIVE BUT TO HAND OVER THE MODEST FIFTY MILLION POUNDS I WILL DEMAND!
HITLER
KAISER

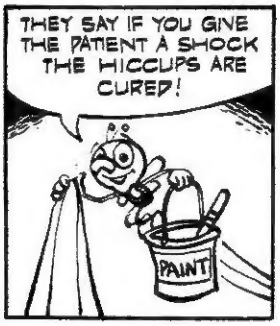

THAT IS WHY I USE AN AIRSHIP - WE CAN REMAIN HOVERING OVER THE RESERVOIR WHILE THEY MAKE UP THEIR STUPID MINDS TO PAY!
BUT I CAN, MR. STEED - NOTHING CAN STOP ME!
YOU'RE CRAZY - YOU CAN'T HOLD ENGLAND TO RANSOM!

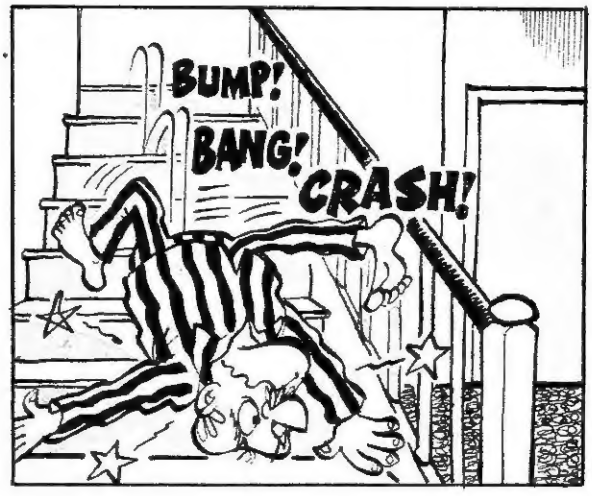
Based on the Thames Television production

Will the Kaiser succeed ? See next week.

MIGHTY MOTH







Dad swings high on the swings next week.

CATWEAZLE

CATWEAZLE, the sorcerer from the past, has jumped out of a helicopter giving flips at a Church fete. He thinks he has found the magic word for flying which is .... CONTACT ....!

FORTUNATELY, CARROT IS RIGHT BEHIND HIM IN THE DOORWAY...
GOTCHA! BUT, LUVVUS, YOU SKINNY BIRDS ARE A WEIGHT!
AAAAH! I FLY! I FLY!
967

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Will Catweazle really jump this time ? See next week.

Bob Monkhouse's MAD MOVIES featuring the Keystone Kops

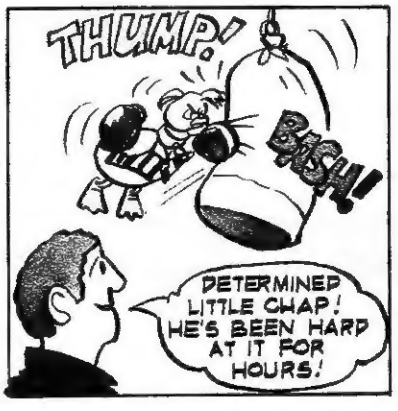
BANG!
HELP! THE KROOKS ARE ROBBING THE BANK AGAIN!
STOP! STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW!
HAR! HAR
YEAH! YEAH!
SORRY, KOP! KAN'T STOP! WE'VE GOT TO MAKE OUR GETAWAY!
OOF!
I'M FED UP BEING A KOP! I'M HANDING IN MY BATON AND HELMET! IT'S NO FUN ALWAYS BEING KRUNCHED AND KLOBBERED
KOO!
KOWARD!
LATER, BOSS KROOK MEETS EX-KOP...
A WISE DECISION, EX-KOP! IT'S MUCH SAFER BEING A KROOK... WHY NOT JOIN US?
KRUMBS! THAT'S AN IDEA! I'LL DO IT!
WE'RE GOING TO ROB THE BANK AGAIN... AND YOU KAN KOME WITH US! YOUR FIRST JOB!
GAWSH! THAT'S REAL NICE OF YOU, BOSS!
BETTER KOMB MY HAIR! KAN'T GO INTO A BANK ALL SKRUFFY!
LATER....
BANG!
HELP! THE BANK'S BEING ROBBED!
TEE-HEE! THE KOPS WOULDN'T EXPECT US SO SOON!
HO-HO! THAT WAS TOO EASY! LOTS OF LOVELY KASH... AND NOT A KOP IN SIGHT!
WE'LL GET KLEAN AWAY! HAW! HAW!
STOP! STOP! IN THE NAME OF THE LAW, KROOKS!
IT'S THE EX-KOP! HE'S BETRAYED US!
THE KLOWN! HE'LL BRING THE KOPS RUNNING! GULP!
PHEEE-EE
GRRR! WE DON'T LIKE TRAITORS, DO WE, LADS?
NO, BOSS!
B-BUT, PALS! IT WAS ALL A MISTAKE! I FORGOT I... ER... WASN'T A KOP ANY MORE... FORCE OF HABIT!
KRUNCH!
KLOBBER!
KOME ON, KOPS... IT LOOKS AS IF OUR EX-CHUM IS IN TROUBLE ALREADY!
FOR HELPING US TO KATCH THE KROOKS, WE'LL LET YOU BACK INTO THE FORCE!
THANKS, CHIEFY! I GUESS I'M JUST NOT KUT OUT TO BE A KROOK!
I'LL NEVER TRUST A KOP AGAIN!

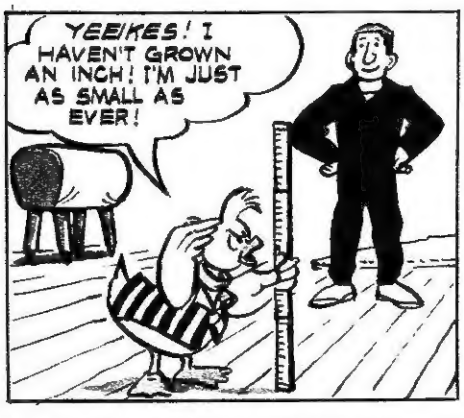
Rights granted by Raymond Rohauer, owner and assignee of Estate of Mack Sennett

You'll burst with laughter next week when the Kops' tyres burst.

Tich and Quackers

WHY DON'T YOU GET A PECENT DUCK, TICH? YOU CAN'T DO THIS WITH QUACKERS!
FREDDIES RIGHT! YOU'RE TOO SMALL!
?
I DON'T THINK TICH LIKES ME ANY MORE! HE DIDN'T EVEN BUY ME AN ICE-CREAM BEFORE HE WENT OFF!
OH, BOY! THIS IS FUN!





I'LL GIVE YOU ICE CREAM, ROCK - ANYTHING, QUACKERS! JUST BE SMALL AGAIN - I DON'T LIKE YOU BIG!
H'MPH! ALL RIGHT, THEN! TURN YOUR BACK AND COUNT TO TWENTY AND I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

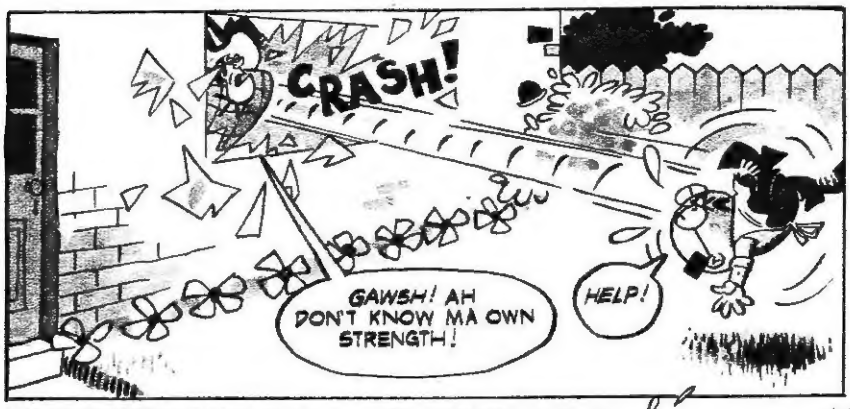
© Ray Alan Enterprises 1970 based on the

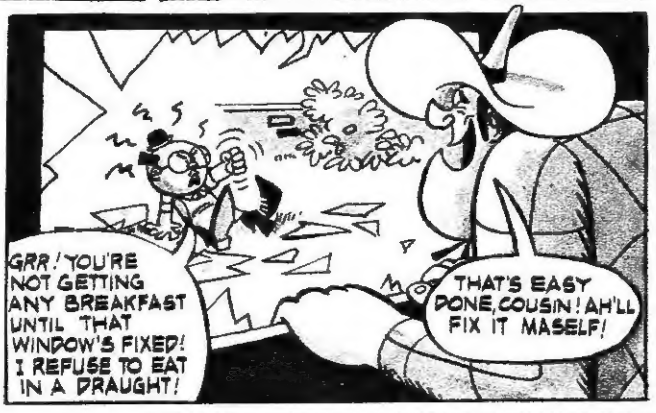
Haw ! Haw ! Haw ! Tich meets the law next week.

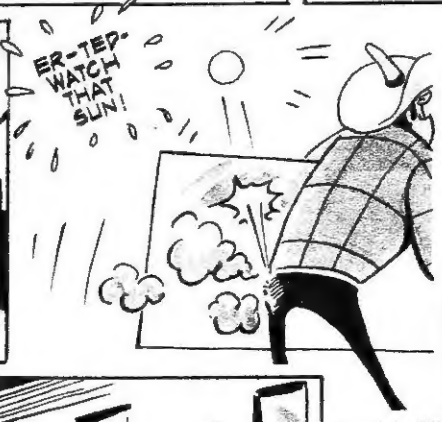
TEXAS TED

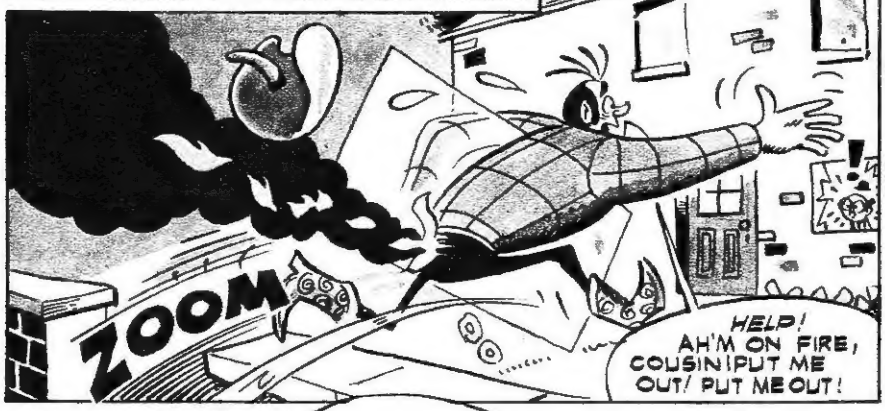
Big hat, big head

HO HUM! AH FEEL REAL GOOD TODAY— AND AH COULD EAT A HOSS! AH HOPE COUSIN CECIL'S GOT MA THREE GALLONS O PORRIDGE READY!
MORNING, COUSIN!
ERK!
SLAP!
967




GRR! YOU'RE NOT GETTING ANY BREAKFAST UNTIL THAT WINDOW'S FIXED! I REFUSE TO EAT IN A DRAUGHT!
THAT'S EASY DONE, COUSIN! AH'LL FIX IT MASELF!





THERE ISN'T ANY PORRIDGE, EDWARD. I'M AFRAID I USED IT TO PUT OUT YOUR FIRE!
THAT'S THE GLASS. NOW FOR THE PORRIDGE!
WH-WHAT? NO PORRIDGE!!

Huge laughs with huge Ted next week.

BASIL BRUSH

LUMME! WE BADLY NEED A NEW BRUSH BUT THERE AIN'T A PENNY IN THE PIGGY!

ER - GUV- ER- THERE'S NO LOLLY IN THE PIGGY, AND I WAS - ER- THINKIN'...

YES, CHUMMERS? COME ON, THEN - SPIT IT OUT!

WELL, ER - I WAS THINKIN' YOU MIGHT GIVE THE FLOORS A SWEEP WIV-ER- YOUR BRUSH!

MY BRUSH? YOU CAD, SIR!

HOW COULD YOU, CHUMMERS? THE BRUSH BRUSHTAILS HAVE A NOBLE HISTORY BEHIND THEM!

SORRY, GUV! IT WAS ONLY A SUGGESTION!

I'M SURE I'VE TOLD YOU ABOUT HEREWARD THE BRUSH, CHUMMERS.

HEREWARD STARCHED HIS NOBLE BRUSH AND USED IT TO CLOBBER THOSE DANE CHAPPIES!

COR!

CLOBBER

THEN THERE WAS BASIL THE FOXHEART WHO FOUGHT IN THE CRUSADES.

THE FOXHEART LOST HIS SWORD IN THE HEAT OF BATTLE BUT SAVED HIS SKIN BY USING HIS BRUSH TO SWEEP THE ENEMY FROM THEIR HORSES!

SEE, GUV? IT CAN BE USED FOR SWEEPIN'.

THERE WAS EVEN A BELLY-LAUGH BRUSH - THE ONLY JESTER IN THE LAND WHO COULD MAKE HIS KING LAUGH!

A CLEVER LOT, THEM BRUSHES!

TICKLE! TICKLE!

AND BRUSH BRUMMEL WHO RECEIVED THE O.B.E. FOR HIS SERVICES TO TAILORING!

THAT'LL BE THE ORDER OF THE BRUSH EMPIRE!

AND YOU WISH TO USE MY BRUSH TO SWEEP THE FLOORS! OH, CHUMMERS - YOU SHAME ME!

ER-GUV- WATCH THE CAT!

TOO LATE!

SKEERROWL!

LUVADUCK! THAT SHORT-SIGHTED OLD TABBY THINKS THE GUV'NOR'S BRUSH IS ANOTHER CAT!

HELP! SCAT! YOU BRUTE! OW!

SNARL! SPIT! RIP!

GREAT MOTHEATEN MOGGIES! LOOK AT MY BRUSH! LOOK WHAT THAT MOGGIE DID!

LUMME! I'D BETTER GET SOME HAIR-RESTORER!

PASS IT OVER HERE WHEN YOU'RE FINISHED, GUV- IT JUST MIGHT WORK ON *THIS* BRUSH!

I WISH YOU WOULD DESIST FROM IDLE FUN-MAKING AT A CRUCIAL TIME LIKE THIS, CHUMMERS!

Make a 'trunk' call for laughs next week when Basil meets an elephant.

ANIMAL MAGIC

By Johnny Morris

ALTHOUGH there are some badgers to be seen at the zoo, it's always nice to have a look at them in the wild. Badgers have poor sight but an excellent sense of smell. They are active at night.

I MUST NOT LET MY SCENT BLOW TOWARDS THE BADGERS, OTHERWISE THEY WON'T COME OUT.

SMELL ANY HUMAN BEINGS?

NO, THEY'VE GOT A VERY STRONG SMELL!

YES, I CAN'T THINK WHY THEY DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

THANK GOODNESS THEY DON'T, WE WOULD NEVER SMELL THEM!

WE MIGHT AS WELL CALL THE CHILDREN OUT!

YOU CAN COME OUT. IT'S ALL RIGHT. SUPPER TIME!

YOU CAN HAVE MICE, FROGS, WORMS AND BLUEBELL BULBS!

HURRAH! BLUEBELL BULBS!

Johnny Morris introduces the Kestrel next week.

ASTRONUT
NOT FAR FROM MARS, SPACE PIRATES ARE RAIDING PASSING CRAFT...
SPACE TRANSPORTER
AT 'EM, M'HEARTIES! WE'LL PINCH ALL THEIR VALUABLES AND STOW 'EM IN OUR HOLD!
MEANWHILE, NOT FAR AWAY...
HEY! THAT'S A TINY GAP UP AHEAD, ASTRO! WE'LL NEVER GET THROUGH!
NO WORRIES, OSCAR! I'LL JUST ACTIVATE MY RUBBERIZER LEVER...
...AND WE CAN SQUEEZE UP LIKE A SPONGE AND SLIP THROUGH!
WHAT AN AMAZING DEVICE!
A LITTLE LATER...
YIKE! SPACE PIRATES!
LOOK LIVELY THERE, LADS! HERE COMES ANOTHER CRAFT FER US T'BOARD!
HEAVE TO THERE, YER SCURVY SWABS, OR WE'LL BLAST YER AMIDSHIPS!
GULP! WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO, ASTRO?
NOTHING! JUST MAKE SOME FACES AT THEM!
EH?
YAAAH!
DON'T SCARE US!
CHEEKY SWABS! GIVE 'EM A BROADSIDE, M' HEARTIES!
FIRE!
KARBOOM!
I'LL JUST ACTIVATE THE RUBBERIZER AGAIN!
BOUNCE!
YIKES!
KERBOOM!
RECKON IT'LL BE SOME TIME BEFORE CAP'N PEG LEG IS ABLE TO PATCH UP HIS PIRATE SHIP! TE! HE! HE!
BAH!

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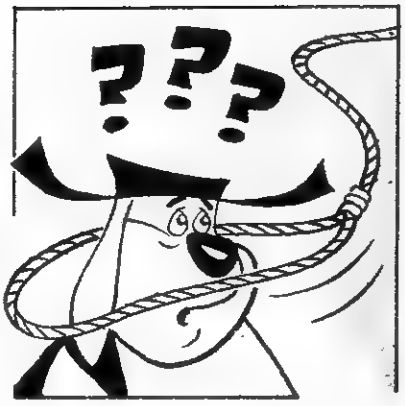
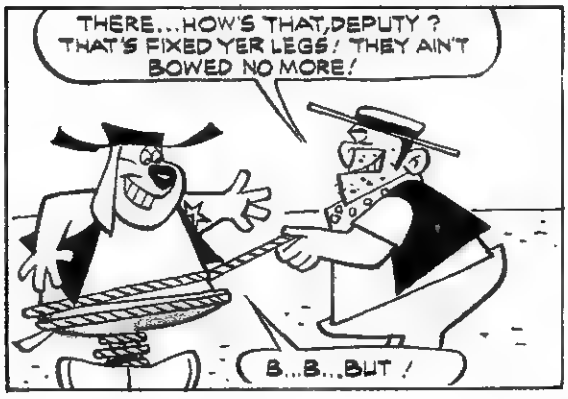
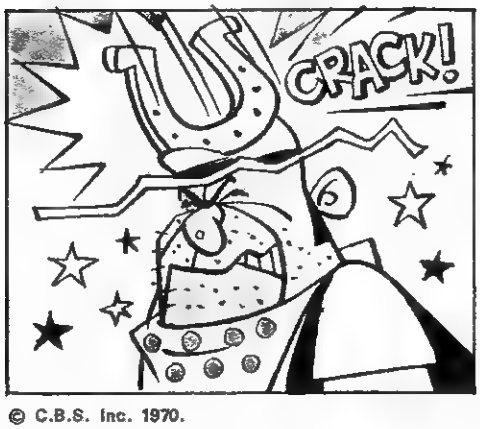
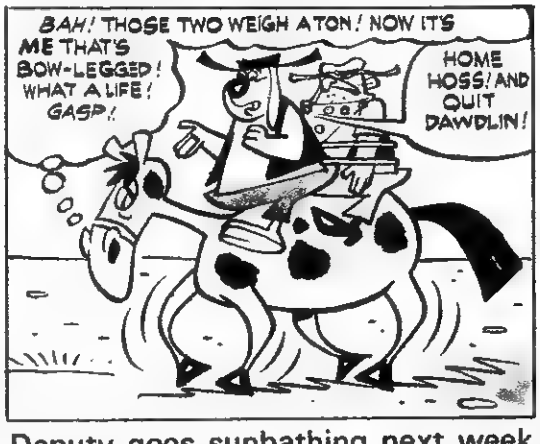
Deputy Dawg









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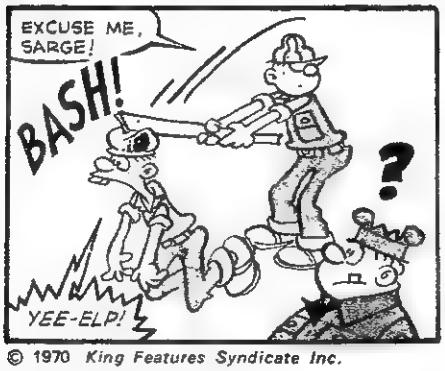
Deputy goes sunbathing next week

BEETLE BAILEY



SOMETIMES I THINK THERE'S A SPARK OF GENIUS IN THAT LAZY NODDLE OF YOURS, BAILEY! HELP YOURSELF TO ANOTHER SODA-POP!
SHUCKS! SARGE – YOU'LL BE MAKING ME BIG-HEADED AND I'LL BE NEEDING A BIGGER HELMET TOO!
?
B-B-BUT?

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More military mirth next week.

Pick of the Jokes

Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, Polystyle Publications Ltd., 100, Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4.

Peter Hill, West Bromwich, Staffs.

Gary Hardy, Moorends, Yorks.

Marc Brown, Hadley Wood, Herts.

Stephen Bailey, Cheadle, Cheshire.

BUGS BUNNY PRESENTS...

'CHEST JEST'

DURNA' ON THING! G.T DOWN AND A-STAY DOWN, DURN IT!

HEY! WHAT'S OLD YOSEMITE SAM PLAYING AT?

WHAM!

THUD!

SAY, YOU CRITTERS, HOWS ABOUT HELPING ME CLOSE THE LID OF THIS HERE CHEST? I'M A-GOIN' ON HOLIDAY AND I PACKED IT TOO FULL. ONE OF YOUSE SIT ON IT WHILE I LOCKS IT!

GOING ON HOLIDAY! OH BOY, I'LL SAY WE'LL HELP! HERE, LET ME JUMP ON IT. GUVNOR, I'M HEAVIER THAN YOU!

HUH?

WHUT ARE YOU DOING? GIT YORE WEIGHT OFF O' THAT THERE LID!!

HOW'S THAT THEN? I CLOSED IT!

I SAID GIT OFF, DURN IT!

CRASH!

QUICK, GUVNOR, DON'T JUST STAND THERE - SNAP THE LOCK SHUT WHILE I'M STILL SITTING ON THE LID!

HOW CAN I SNAP THE LOCK WHEN MY HANDS ARE STILL INSIDE THE CHEST? YOU DURN FOOL - GIT OFF!!

HEY! I'M GOING TO TRY JUMPING ON IT!

GOSH, I'M SORRY, SAM. HERE, LET ME PUT A BANDAGE ROUND YOUR FINGERS!

LEAVE ME ALONE. I DON'T WANT A BANDAGE!

HERE I COME! GET READY!

THERE! I CLOSED IT! OKAY, COME ON, SOMEBODY, AND SNAP THE LOCK!

NYEE-EEAGH!

SLAM

OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH! OH!

I CAN'T STAND ANY MORE OF THIS JUMPIN' AND A-YELLING! GIT AWAY FROM ME OR I'LL BLAST YURE HIDES OFF! SO I WILL!

BESIDES, I GOT ME AN IDEA! I'M A-TAKING THIS HERE CHEST INDOORS AND I'M A-GONNA TIE IT SHUT WITH ROPE.

PUFF! PUFF! PHEW! THIS CANNON BALL IS HEAVY BUT - PUFF! - IT SHOULD CLOSE THE LID OKAY!

AH-HAW! BULLSEYE! BOY! AM I GLAD TO GET RID OF THAT WEIGHT!

THUMP!

WELL I DID IT! I CLOSED IT! BOY OH BOY.... HEY? YOU'RE NOT LISTENING - WHAT ARE YOU TWO STARING AT?

WAIT A MINUTE ... WHOSE FEET ARE THOSE STICKING OUT FROM UNDER THERE? ..... OH! OH! OH NO! IT CAN'T BE!?

BUT WHY IS HE SHOOTING AT US? I DIDN'T DO IT ON PURPOSE. AFTER ALL, WE WERE ONLY TRYING TO HELP!

BLAST!

BAM!

WELL I'M NOT GOING TO STOP AND ASK HIM, COZ I'VE SUDDENLY DECIDED THAT I'M THE ONE WHO'S GOING ON HOLIDAY!!

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Another ' showful ' of fun with Bugs next week.

Here come the twelve happy engines

–with Nestlé's 6d. Railway Series bars.
Start your collection right away. Send in three wrappers and 1/- and you'll get a special Nestlé's Railway Album to put all twelve Engines in.

Then you can read about Edward, the oldest engine on the Fat Controller's Railway, conceited Skarloey and all the other engines that live on the Island of Sodor.

Twelve short stories, written especially for you by the Rev. W. Awdry.

Don't waste a minute. Start saving now! **Nestlé's Milk Chocolate.**

Fun in the Sun!

TV Comic Holiday Special . . . 48 pages of holiday fun and thrills with your TV Comic pals.

Popeye Holiday-Special . . . Come aboard with Popeye and his crazy crew for laughs, puzzles and a game.

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Larry Harmon's LAUREL & HARDY

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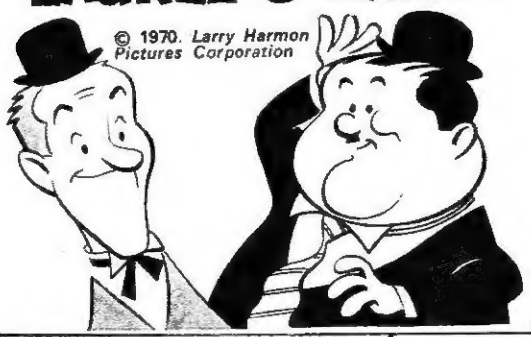

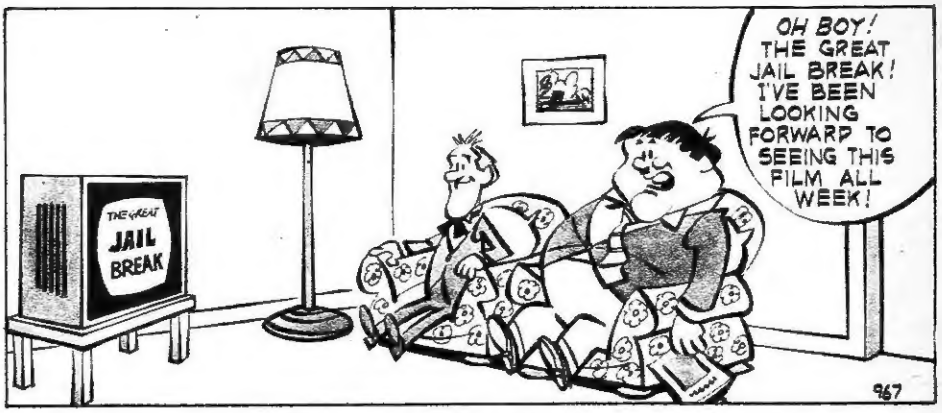

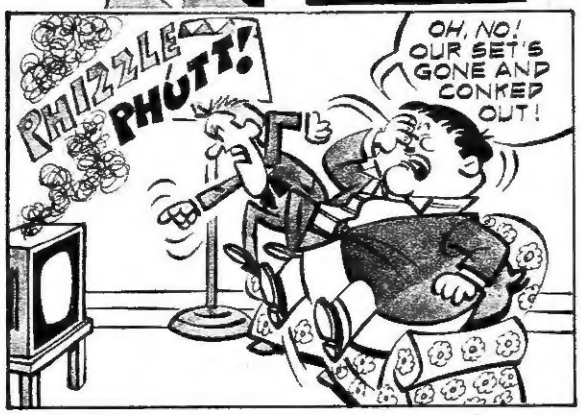

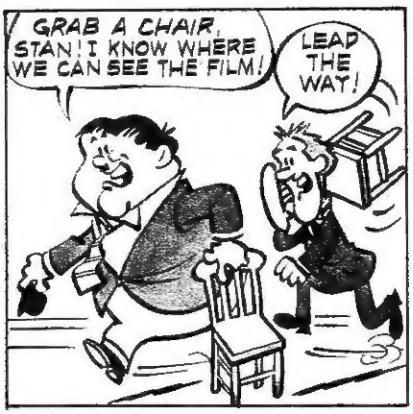

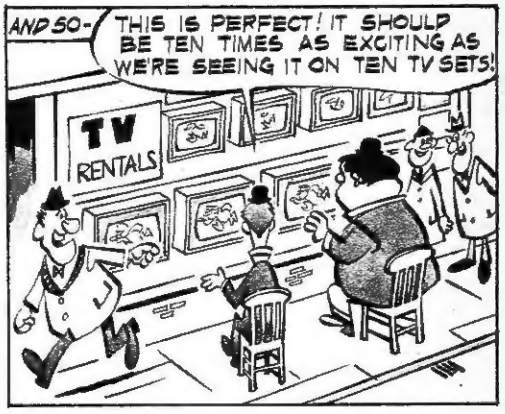

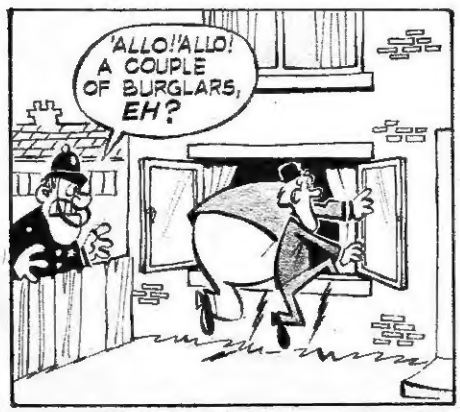

A LITTLE LATER-
YOU'D THINK THEY'D HAVE A TV SET IN HERE TO CHEER US UP!
YEAH! RIGHT NOW WE COULD DO WITH A HINT FROM THE GREAT JAIL BREAK!
GLOOM

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DOCTOR WHO

DR. WHO discovers that "The Monitor," a coastal patrol radio ship, has sent out false information, and a number of vessels have been wrecked. Brigadier Lethbridge-Stewart and Dr. Who board "The Monitor" to find all but one of the crew senseless . . .

WHAT'S HE SAYING, DOCTOR?
FISHMEN!... THEY CAME FROM BENEATH THE SEA!
HE'S DELIRIOUS... I THINK THEY'LL ALL RECOVER AFTER TREATMENT...
967

SUDDENLY, A VOICE FILLS THE CABIN...
"MONITOR" TO "S.S. PERUVIA"... ALTER COURSE THREE DEGREES TO PORT!
BRIGADIER... THAT'S ANOTHER FALSE CALL! GET ON TO THE PERUVIA... CANCEL THE MESSAGE

DR. WHO SOON DISCOVERS THE REASON FOR THE FAKE MESSAGES...
A TAPE RECORDER... OPERATED BY REMOTE CONTROL! BUT BY WHOM? AND FROM WHERE?

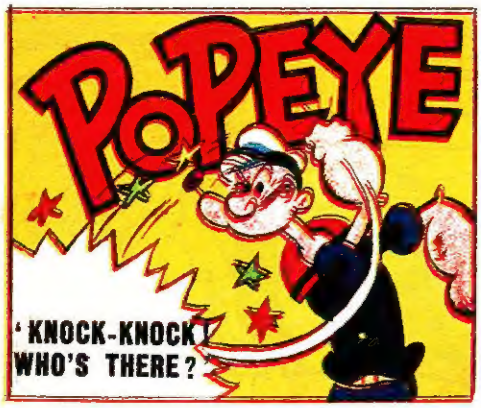
TWO HOURS LATER, THE DOCTOR HAS THE ANSWER...
THERE CAN BE NO DOUBT... THE TAPE IS OPERATED BY SIGNALS THAT COME FROM DEEP BENEATH THE SEA...
WHAT DO YOU MEAN? FROM A SUBMARINE?

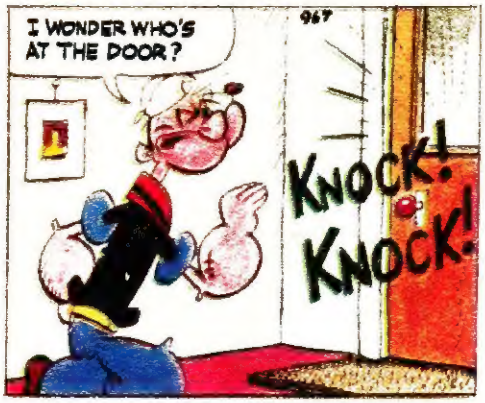
LETHBRIDGE-STEWART HAS LONG SINCE GIVEN UP TRYING TO UNDERSTAND THE DOCTOR'S STRANGE REQUESTS. THE NEXT DAY...
LET GO FOR'ARD!
RIGHT... LET GO AFT!

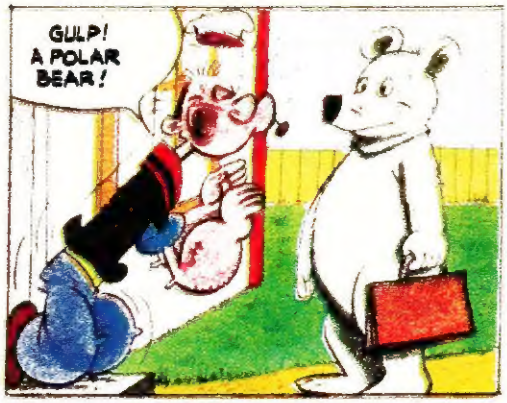
© BBC tv 1970

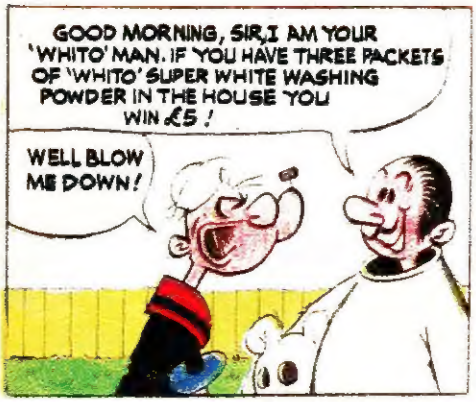
LIZ SHAW AND DR. WHO PLUNGE TO THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA...
THEN THEY SEE ONE OF THE WRECKED SHIPS...
AND THERE'S ANOTHER... AND ANOTHER...
YES... THEY SEEM TO HAVE BEEN PLACED IN A DEFINITE PATTERN.
IT'S ALMOST LIKE A TOWN...WITH STREETS AND PARKS...
DOCTOR... COME HERE... LOOK AT THIS!
SUDDENLY, THE BATHYSCAPHE IS SWALLOWED BY THE GIANT MACHINE...
WHAT IS IT?
I DON'T KNOW... BUT I THINK WE'RE IN FOR TROUBLE!

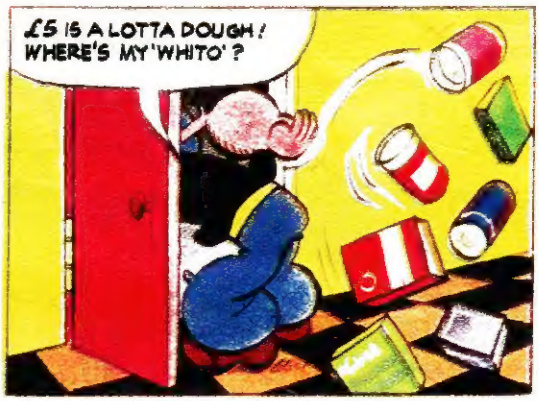
Swallowed by a machine ! Read next week's exciting Instalment.

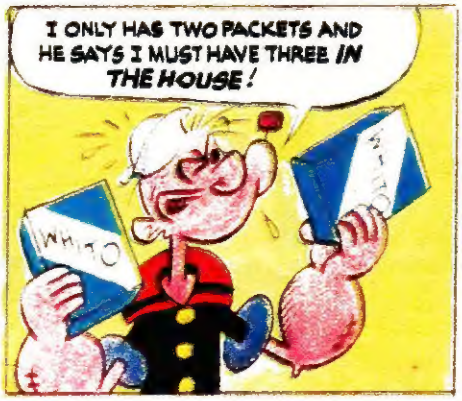


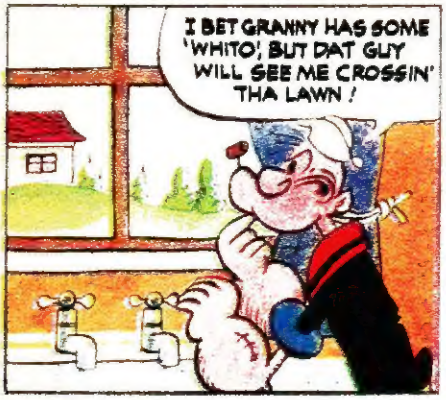


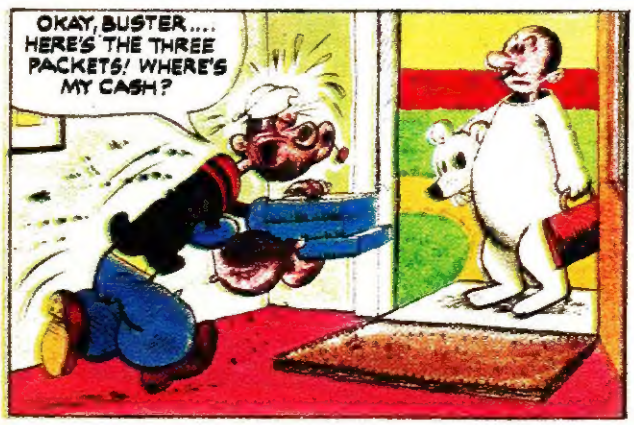



GOOD MORNING, SIR, I AM YOUR 'WHITO' MAN. IF YOU HAVE THREE PACKETS OF 'WHITO' SUPER WHITE WASHING POWDER IN THE HOUSE YOU WIN £5!
WELL BLOW ME DOWN!









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The stars foretell laughs with Popeye next week.